

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH MAUDE ADAMS FOR THE FIRST TIME

Creator of Role of "Peter Pan" Says She Likes Being a Boy.

SHE NEVER TIRES OF IT.

Thinks Barrie Must Have Had Great Fun in Writing Play.

CHILDREN SEE FAIRIES.

They Write to the Actress for Fairy Dust and Believe in Elves.

By Ruth Earle.

"Do you believe in fairies?" "You can't say 'Yes' quite frankly it is only because you haven't seen Maude Adams play 'Peter Pan'."

For the fairy folk have a new prophet—J. M. Barrie—who knows more of things transcendental than Grimm or Andrew Lang. And this canny Scotsman has invaded the very forests of the Never-Never Land and kidnapped Peter—the boy who ran away from home the day he was born because he couldn't bear to grow up. This little chap, captain of the "lost boys" and familiar of the fairies, is no other than the Dorothy Cruikshank, L'Aiglon and Lady Babble of other days—the most idolized actress on the American stage.

In the hearts of Miss Adams's admirers Peter seems already to have taken precedence over all the dozen roles or more that have endeared her. And for a very good reason. Peter Pan is pretty nearly the essence of Maude Adams. He is a character drawn for her by a dramatist who is a kindred spirit with more understanding of her delicate charms of temperament and mannerisms than the prostrate public itself.

So "Peter Pan" comes pretty near to being the ideal play.

Miss Adams thinks it is.

In Her Dressing-Room.

We had a little talk about it in her dressing-room in the Empire Theatre between the acts of a matinee performance.

The play had advanced to the crucial point where you can't tell whether it is going to end in a heart-wringing lamentation or a triumph of fairy magic over pirate brute force.

Peter Pan had showed his super-bricks—flying like a cherub of super-angelic grace, dancing a jolly pious dance and best of all, gathering his play songs about him and singing "Sally in Our Alley" with such ingenuous purity and sweetness that old folks a-weeping and younger ones marvelling at the tenderness of the singer and the song.

It was before the scene where Peter goes forth to war against Capt. Hook. The pirate, that I had my "audience" in Miss Adams's diminutive dressing-room to the left of the stage.

I was conducted through the stage door into a maze of pulleys, the Lost Boys' cave and other oddities of the Never-Never land, with a feeling of vision of small "Michael" disappearing down a flight of stairs grasping the foot of the ladder of the crocodile. The crocodile, of course, he knew, because "he swallowed a clock and it goes on ticking inside him."

When I went into the star's dressing-room Peter was standing in front of a blue divan looking like a blue-eyed fairy prince or a boy Auccassin.

SIXTH MAN IN BIG SWINDLING GAME ARRESTED

Walter Guy Fernald Apprehended by Police in Toronto.

Another arrest has been made in the Imperial Trustee Company swindle, which the United States postal authorities has just succeeded in running to earth. Walter Guy Fernald, well known in the shady financial districts of lower Manhattan, has been apprehended at Toronto and will be brought back to New York as soon as the Canadian authorities settle with him on a little green-woods matter. Fernald has also been known in this city as J. P. C. Boulder.

Three years ago he was arrested for defrauding through the mails. He advertised for heirs to the "Simpson Estate" and collected money from them. Although his victims numbered thousands, not one could be found who would prosecute.

Fernald was one of the cogs in the intricate Imperial Trustee Company swindling machine. When President White, of the Imperial concern, wanted a favorable reference he would send the inquiry to Fernald.

Lawyer Thompson, of Thompson & Fuller, No. 20 Wall street, told Inspector Jacobs a story on this end of the scheme today.

Fernald Was a Reference.

"A client of my firm," said Mr. Thompson, "wanted to sell some bonds in his concern and was attracted by an advertisement of the Imperial Trustee Company. He went to the office and was told that if he would allow the company to underwrite the bonds they would find him buyers. The cost of underwriting was to be \$1,000, but stood for \$100 in advance and then came to \$100."



"The first impression of Miss Adams is that she is even nicer off the stage than on. You can't say that of any other actress I can think of."

"The second is that she's not quite the frail little woman you've always heard of."

"The third is that the quality of her speaking voice is quite the softest, frankest and pleasantest heard in feminine conversation."

Miss Adams wore the white buckskin suit of the third act. The trim jerkin with its fringed collar and the hip boots fitting over the trousers have no appearance of transforming a weikling into the headiest sort of a graceful boy. Miss Adams is wonderfully ethereal and frail, but she didn't seem the very faint little woman I'd always imagined her to be.

As we went in I felt like a wretched interloper because I knew Miss Adams had consented to the interview against her will and that this was the first time she has ever been really and truly interviewed. But her very charming cordiality was an antidote to uneasiness.

"I know you hate to be interviewed," I began apologetically.

"I'm afraid of the newspapers and I hate being talked about," Miss Adams said with a shiver. "Besides I've never been interviewed before the scene before."

I explained vaguely that the attitude of the spirit of eternal youth that keeps her so young is not a very common one, and you could keep everything between ourselves.

"I wish this were just a visit and you could keep everything between ourselves," I said.

"Peter Pan," Miss Adams went on. "Can you imagine what fun it must have been to write the part of a 'common'?"

"Do you like being a boy?" "Very much," laughed Miss Adams, with the jolliest light in her blue eyes. "I've always wanted to be a boy. But then, I suppose, every girl has."

I suppose every real girl wants to be a boy. But in the case of Miss Adams it grows the more she wants. In Miss Adams this desire seems the expression of the spirit of eternal youth that keeps her so young. The best men and women young-hearted to their graves.

"Do you get tired out flying and dancing and singing, and putting pirates to flight?"

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FERRY BREAKS LOOSE AS CROWD RUSHES ABOARD

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PASSENGERS ALL SAFE.

Persons on the Gang-Planks Saved by Prompt Action of the Crew.

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Both Horses Rescued, One of Them After Chase by Tug Boats.

As a procession of trucks and other heavy draught vehicles and a stream of men and women were pouring aboard the ferry-boat Orange, of the Lackawanna Railroad line, at the foot of William Weavry, of No. 331 Pacific street, Brooklyn, was driven.

Just Had Time to Jump.

He had barely time to jump as the ropes snapped and the ferry-boat was shoved away from the float by a jam of ice set in sudden motion by an insweeping wave from the river. As he leaped from his seat and fell headlong at the very edge of the float the gang-plank on which his team were waiting slowly fell beneath them and sank into the ice-filled water between the Orange and the slip rim.

The harness of the two horses snapped like pack thread and they dropped in a tangle of legs, whinnying with fright. One of the animals is a big black, the other a gray. As the horses crowded about the edge of the slip could see the gray sack beneath the ice and disappeared. The fore feet of the black caught on a huge block of ice that held him up. He displayed singular intelligence in not kicking or splashing about, hanging on desperately to the cake of ice.

The boat held well into the slip to keep the ice banded up under the horse and in a few minutes the deckhands had a harness under his body. Then fully a hundred men worked frantically to save the animal, winding him in a web of ropes and setting planks down upon the ice.

While these efforts were making to save the black there was a shout from the forward end of the boat. As the passengers saw the big gray so swimming they rushed to the side of the boat. He had risen to the surface he must have been under the stroke of the boat between the under the side of the planking of the slip.

Several attempts to lasso him as he ploughed his way through floating pieces of ice out into the river failed. His mate, a smaller animal, was pulled out before he was well out into the stream, where the tide caught him and raced with him to the river.

Frightened by tug.

He was suddenly alarmed, however, by a fuzzy little tug that came chugging out of the American pier, and, swinging around, he fought against the stream. Half a dozen tugs went after him, but the deckhands were not very adroit, and the animal was not very successful in frightening the tug.

He followed a zig-zag course, dodging cakes of ice and running away from the tugs until he approached the lighter. The lighter is a handy man with a coil, and after several tries succeeded in hooking a rope from the line of the tug. Then it was necessary to tow him into the pier. This was done by passing the rope from the tug to the tug Somers. The Somers steamed in to the side of pier where the rope was made fast. Then by aid of a hoisting derrick the horse was pulled out after being in the water nearly an hour.

Both horses had suffered from the shock of immersion and the water. The animal was summoned to a quart of Animal. Before the ambulance arrived, the horses were treated to a quart of whiskey each, which seemed to put them in excellent spirits.

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Crowded Elevators and Stairways in Broadway Blaze, but All Escaped Safely.

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The fire started on a pile of cotton on the top story in the cotton goods factory of Jacobson, Barnett & Jacobson. There were twenty men at work in the room and they ran away, although a few pairs of water, would have extinguished it. When the fire arrived they put it out with about \$200 damage. All the girls in the building managed to get out with no injuries except to their clothes.

STREET ON THE GRIDIRON.

Props Under Tunnelled Eighth Avenue Catch Fire.

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At the point where the fire took place Eighth avenue has been undermined so that it is no more than a thoroughfare on stilts. Last night's fire stopped all traffic for half an hour.

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Plumber's Apprentice Followed Boss's Instructions Too Well.

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